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that combination of sympathy and delicate pleasantry in dealing with children which is characteristic of the men natively gifted for the rôle of father. At one time the children were engaged in reading a very long, dull, and pointless English novel, "of which," says Count Ilya, "all that I now remember is that the hero once remarked, 'I am lonely and bored.'" The children—with that imaginative daring and enterprise which youngsters so often have and then mysteriously lose—proceeded to dramatize the story and play it out with paper dolls for actors. Tolstoy, observing them, cut out from an illustrated paper a man who was entirely pink. "This," said he, "is Adolphe." And promptly Adolphe was given a part; he became, indeed, so essential that the story would have seemed wholly pointless without him as hero.

It is this sort of thing that draws us closest to the great man, and there is rather more of this than there is of discussion concerning what may be called the conventional points of interest in Tolstoy's life. It is better to learn of his clairvoyance in dealing with his children and friends—and to realize thereby that literary insight is not merely a trick of the imagination, but a faculty of the soul—than to read of his habits of literary composition; though we read of these, too. In speaking of his father's attitude toward persons outside the family, as well as those within it, Count Ilya evinces a racial subtlety and warm-heartedness. He shows, for instance, that Tolstoy and Turgenyef loved each other so well that they could by no means be content with relations of ordinary good will, yet that they differed so violently in temperament and intellect that their attempts to draw closer together invariably resulted in quarrels. Turgenyef was always complaining of Tolstoy's "waste" of his great literary powers. "Lyof Tolstoy," he wrote in 1860, "continues to play the crank. It was evidently written in his stars. When will he turn his final somersault and stand on his feet at last?" He could neither contentedly allow his friend to go his own way, nor subdue his own great mind even for a moment to the other's, as great or greater.

What Count Ilya makes plain regarding his father's change of heart—the change that transformed the "former jovial and high-spirited ring-leader and companion of his children" into the stern and censorious propagandist—is that Tolstoy suffered severely not only in conscience (as the fanatic and born self-tormentor suffer), but as keenly in his affections, and (as the normal man suffers) through the suppression of that part of himself that loved ease, humor, joyousness, a well-ordered life—all that constitutes *pleasantness* or *happiness*, but not *blessedness*. A new light is thrown upon the motives of Tolstoy's "flight" near the end of his life, and it is suggested, among other things, that if his youngest son, "Vanitchka," had lived, much might have been different.

Hardly can one begin to know Tolstoy's character justly without reading Count Ilya's book.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE. By MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

To live a full, rich, and varied life, actively combining the social and intellectual elements; to know great affairs, the humor and the humors of the great; to "fit in" everywhere and yet to be always oneself—this can be the lot of but few mortals. How to do all this with sufficient seriousness and

yet with gaiety, with unfailing zest, is a secret that some women possess. No man could have revealed to us the sunny side of diplomatic life as Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone has done; no man could have touched its humors without being a bit satirical, nor its formalities without being a trifle heavy; and no masculine writer could have set forth the multitude of social and personal incidents which Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone relates without being in an undesirable sense gossipy. Above all, one is struck with the thought that few men and hardly a woman could have written such a record as *The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life* without imparting to it a little too much of the temper of the *laudator temporis acti*, or at least a shade of melancholy. That there is nothing of this in Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's story is primarily due, no doubt, to the fact that it is made up of letters written soon after the occurrences which they describe. But, then, who else could have written the letters? These, even the earliest of them, are not in the least—shall we say, old-fashioned? Those which belong to the opening chapters of Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's earlier book, *In the Courts of Memory*, are almost as witty and as incisively thoughtful as are the later epistles; the latter are no less delightful in their persistent youthfulness and buoyancy; and both are sprightly with the interest one may feel at its best only for a brief period—when one is at the pleasurable task of thinking over and storing away recent events for the purpose of making them part of oneself. But this freshness of color—the freshness with which to-day paints the scenes of yesterday—is far from wholly explaining the effect of Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's letters. The truth is, she possesses in a high degree that supreme art of the descriptive letter-writer—the art of making her readers feel themselves a part of the occurrences described. And how can we feel that things are unreal through age or distance when we are made to feel ourselves one with them?

Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone was Miss Lily Greenough, of Cambridge, where she lived with her grandfather, Judge Fay, in the old Fay mansion now the property of Radcliffe College. Gifted with a remarkable singing voice, she was taken, when only fifteen years old, to London, to study under Garcia. From that time on her life has been highly cosmopolitan, though in all that she has written there is an American frankness and liveliness, and another quality as well—a touch of idealism combined with sweet reasonableness, strongly suggestive of the old New England days when she came directly under the influence of such men as Longfellow and Agassiz. At the age of seventeen she became the wife of Charles Moulton, an American resident of Paris who had been, in the fullest and best sense, a Parisian since the days of Louis Philippe. As Mrs. Charles Moulton she knew all that was best worth knowing in the traditionally gayest and certainly most intellectually stimulating of the world's great cities. After the fall of the Empire and her husband's death, Mrs. Moulton returned to America, to become, a few years later, the wife of M. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, who was at that time Danish Minister to the United States, and later represented his country successively at Stockholm, Rome, Paris, and Berlin. It is at a time shortly after her marriage that Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone begins her narrative in *The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life*, giving us first of all an impression of social life in Washington as it was in 1875, toward the close of Grant's second administration. In this, and in a subsequent part of the narrative which relates a journey to the

Western coast—a chapter wherein the gentlemanly Buffalo Bill, the California millionaires, with their fire-new wealth and culture, and many other diversely interesting personalities appear—we see American life through the eyes of a critic thoroughly American in spirit and understanding, yet foreign enough in point of view to see with keen discrimination; just as in the subsequent part of the story, which tells of the life of European courts and intellectual circles, we are always aware that we are being addressed by one of our own countrywomen, cosmopolitan and thoroughly identified with the society about her as she always appears to be. Monarchs, statesmen, artists, musicians, and writers, all seem to have revealed something of their intimate selves to Madame de Hegermann-Lindenerone, and she has perceived and rendered for our benefit the salient social traits of each. In her acquaintance with musicians, she was particularly blessed; personal recollections of nearly all the great ones—including Liszt, Verdi, and Saint-Saëns—form no small part of her store of luminous memories. It is the privilege of such a writer as Madame de Hegermann-Lindenerone to write with real naturalness and to include within the limits of one book the most diverse matters, telling us on one page of a young Dane whose Boston landlady kept a full-grown lion confined in her front parlor, and on another of how Mascagni appeared, dazed and shabby, before the curtain after the first performance of the “*Cavalleria Rusticana*.” Whatever she tells us is marked with that stamp of unity which is conferred by a clear intelligence and a lively, independent personality.

LUCAS' ANNUAL. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

To publish between modern covers a collection of literary stuff resembling those delightful old rag-bags of information, fiction, and poetry—called “annuals” because the publishers might do it again next year, if they saw fit—was a merry conceit, of which we enjoy the flavor. Moreover, *Lucas' Annual* for 1914 contains a varied selection of the curious, the beautiful, and the untrue—and some truth. Still, perhaps we care less, on the whole, for the semi-professional pleasantries of literary men, the chips from their workshops, their sometimes labored wit presented with an air of spontaneity, than do our English cousins. At best we can say only that the contents of *Lucas' Annual* are not half bad.

J. M. Barrie seems rather ill-represented by the sketch “Old Hyphen”—supposedly written by a schoolboy. Somehow, in fiction, English school life achieves a dignity and seriousness that American school life lacks, while the humor of the English schoolboy is likely to strike us as alien and a little tiresome. The other modern contributors seem all to suffer a little from self-consciousness, coupled in some cases with rather an excess of manner. However, “Saki's” parody on the modern discursive drama is really funny, and Leacock's satire on “The Thousand-Guinea Prize Novel” hits home to us. There is other good stuff, too, including some really excellent verse. Among the modern authors represented are Barrie, Bennett, Dobson, Galsworthy, Hewlett, Leacock, F. Austen, Saki, and Mr. Lucas himself.

So far as truth is concerned, the core of the book is a letter from Ruskin to Browning in which Ruskin criticizes Browning's *Men and Women* “with a vengeance.” This is an edifying and cheering human document. How